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"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending; the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

WOMAN TO MAN

"Woman is man's enemy, rival and competitor."

JOHN J. INGALLS.

You do but jest, sir, and you jest not well.
How could the hand be enemy of the arm,
Or seed and sod be rivals? How could light
Feel jealousy of heat, plant of the leaf,
Or competition dwell 'twixt lip and smile?
Are we not part and parcel of yourselves?
Like strands in one great braid we intertwine
And make the perfect whole. You could not be
Unless we gave you birth: we are the soil
From which you sprang, yet sterile were that soil
Save as you planted. (Though in the book we read
One woman bore a child with no man's aid,
We find no record of a man-child born
Without the aid of woman! Fatherhood
Is but a small achievement at the best,
While motherhood is heaven and hell.)
This ever-growing argument of sex
Is most unseemly, and devoid of sense.
Why waste more time in controversy, when
There is not time enough for all of love,
Our rightful occupation in this life?
Why prate of our defects--of where we fail,
When just the story of our worth would need
Eternity for telling; and our best
Development comes ever through your praise,
As through our praise you reach your highest self?
Oh! had you not been miser of your praise
And let our virtues be their own reward,
The old established order of the world
Would never have been changed. Small blame is ours
For this unsexing of ourselves, and worse
Effeminizing of the male. We were
Content, sir, till you starved us heart and brain.
All we have done, or wise or otherwise,
Traced to the root, was done for love of you.
Let us taboo all vain comparisons,
And go forth as God meant us, hand in hand,
Companions, mates and comrades evermore;
Two parts of one divinely ordered whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *Cosmopolitan*.

Two may talk and one may hear, but three
cannot take part in a conversation of the most sin-
cere and searching sort.—Emerson.

I should like to say, if I could hope to do so
without being misunderstood, that the sex question
is the most interesting in the world.—Mary Man-
nering (Mrs. J. K. Hackett), in an interview.

VIRGO

O, Virgin fair, with golden hair,
From thy honied lips the knowing bee sips
His yearly store.
Thou'rt hidden away from the light of day
Yet plainly in view, as the rose and dew
Or open door.
O, Virgin bright, I see thy light
As a brilliant star, so near yet so far—
No need to soar.
Thou'rt known by thy glance, like a shimmering lance
The gross separating, and new life creating
Forever more.

DISTINGUISHED VIRGOS— Oliver Wendell
Holmes, Bret Hart, Queen Wilhelmina, Count Tol-
stoi, Louis Kossuth, Faraday, Meyerbeer, La
Fayette; Mahomet.

A PROBLEM OF THE VIRGIN

"My name contains five and fifty, and yet hath
only eight letters; the third is the third part of the
fifth, which added to the sixth will produce a num-
ber whose root shall exceed the third of itself by
just the first, and it is the half of the fourth. Now,
the fifth and seventh are equal, the last and first
also equal, and make with the second as much as
the sixth hath, which contains four more than the
third tripled. Now tell me, my Lord, what I am
called."—Marriage of Christian Rosencrentz.

Yes, your own comes to you. . . But why do you
keep straining after 'your own,' as if what HAS
come were *not* yours? You overlook what has come,
and is now yours—you make nothing of it, and
therefore postpone the day when other of 'your own'
shall appear. LET GO and KNOW that what is your
own can't get away from you. Know also that
what *is* yours now—yours to transform and vita-
lize by *loving attention*; yours to make the best of,
that you may be ready for something better as it
comes. Know that the more you make of what is
yours now, the more quickly will you draw to you
what you claim as yours. For the *loving attention*,
or 'concentration,' which you let this circumstance
develop in you, *is the power needed to draw the next
and better thing.*—Elizabeth Towne.

THE VIRGO BREATH

"Man has a visible and an invisible workshop. The visible one is his body, the invisible one is his imagination. The imagination is the sun in the soul of man, acting in its own sphere as the sun of the earth acts in his. Wherever the latter shines, germs planted in the soil grow, and vegetation springs up. The sun of the soul acts in a similar manner, and calls the various forms of thought and sensation into conscious existence. The spirit is master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material. Imagination is the power by which the will forms sidereal entities out of thoughts. Hence imagination is the great agent in magic. Imagination, however, must not be confused with fancy, which latter is the corner stone of superstition and foolishness.

"The power of the imagination is a great factor in medicine. It may produce diseases in man and in animals and it may cure them."

The above paragraphs adapted from the "Rosicrucian Confession" of the middle ages not only states a profound truth, but corrects an error prevalent in the minds of many that mind-healing is a thing of recent date. Wonderful cures have been effected by an understanding and application of psychical principles in all ages.

The material trend of modern thought has only afforded a firmer basis for still wider flights of the imagination; for be it remembered that true magic does not consist alone in building castles in the air, but in materializing the images and rendering them practical to the human race. We must divest ourselves of the notion that magic means "raising ghosts," or that psychical experience is synonymous with certain creepy bodily sensations, mental hallucinations, etc.

Every musician, painter, poet, orator or inventor is a highly developed psychic. His art is a work of pure magic. Edison and Paderewski are modern Wizards. Now the great point for us is to discover their secret. Let me tell it to you in one word. It is CONCENTRATION. By concentration is awakened interior vision, or imagination, which is only a restoration of past memory. It is useless to think that you could put yourself into any condition of mind where you could perform great musical feats if in some past life you had not won that knowledge by intellectual processes and stored it away.

The fact is, every one has some such storehouse of knowledge along some line, and it is this which he should aim to discover and amplify. All are clairvoyant and clairaudient, of which they have some daily experience. These are not by any means unnatural states; rather, they are the most natural ones. The man becomes as a little child, and laying aside his egotism, which is only his opinion of something gained from observation, crude and undigested knowledge, he kneels

(2) at the feet of his Virgin Mother, his sub-conscious mind, from whose eternal bosom he comes forth, and there finds needed counsel.

The sign Virgo in our life-circle is placed in the abdominal region, signifying strength and sustenance. Man has been facetiously referred to as being simply one great digestive tube. It is, indeed, difficult to think of man apart from his digestive system, which is no other than the pure Virgin, continually overshadowed by the Holy Spirit (*pneuma*) which brings the human being into objective manifestation.

Nor am I speaking so much of the visible digestive organism as of that Soul that silently sits within and effects this wonderful transmutation of the inorganic into the organized, tirelessly wrapping up the sparks of spirit flame in tiny globes of crystal, that shall appear in cells and tissues to form the living abode of man.

That there is the most intimate connection between the respiration and nutrition, ordinary physiologic study demonstrates. It is not so well known that by gaining conscious control of this relation the breath may be made to heal every disease and disorder in any way connected with this complicated system of nutrition and assimilation.

At some time in our evolution we have undoubtedly had conscious control of every bodily function. We must little by little regain this control. This is done through the Imagination and the Will.

There are three focal points of which absolute mental and physical control should be acquired.

I. DIAPHRAGMATIC. Place the finger-tips at the point of the sternum, or breast bone, just above the abdomen, and push the spot forward gently with a slight breath. Repeat a number of times and notice carefully the sensation which appears entirely muscular, and which is due to the voluntary action of the diaphragm. Make this effort as easy as opening and closing the hand.

II. COSTAL. Place the tips of the fingers on the sides just below the lowest rib. Expand and contract this part until well conscious of the sensation. The action is, of course, not to be entirely separated from that of the diaphragm, but the whole thought is to be placed on the part under consideration.

III. LUMBAR. Place the hand just above the hips, the fingers touching the spine. Make a somewhat prolonged effort, akin to grunting, thus calling into play these lowest abdominal muscles.

It will be found that these three points can easily be separated and brought under voluntary control. This should be practiced in two ways. First, by holding the breath and making several light impulsions of the thought-wave at the desired point, Diaphragm, Ribs or Back as the case may be. Second, with a single, sweeping breath aimed

at these several points. Observe that you can imagine you are either pushing down or pulling up the body at any of these places. Now, for remedial purposes, in case a laxative were required, hold the body firmly up; if the opposite be true, push gently down.

This practice, when mastered, will heal every case of irregularity known, and keep the digestive system in a strong, healthy condition.

And we shall then know *practically* the meaning of the Immaculate Conception; for, the Virgin will conceive and bear a Son and his name shall be called Immanuel—Good with us.

x

P. S.—Ladies, throw your corsets in the fire! or your Virgin-Mother will bear you cramped, diseased and distorted offspring. The corset kills more than the bayonet. Talk of the necessity of liquor agitation! Surely there must also come a crusade against corsets. The toper dies and is forgotten, but the curse of the corset is visited upon the children of coming generations.

THE IDEAL SOUL-MATE

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. —St. Matt. V. 8.

INVOCATION

Oh Thou whose spirit through this universe,
In which Thou dost involve thyself diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Whose light is but a shade of the Divine; * * *
—*Salaman and Absal* by Jami (*Fitzgerald*).

With the appearance of Swami Vivekananda, Brahman, Vedantist and teacher of Vedanta philosophy, at the Chicago World's Fair, a great impetus has been given to the investigation of the occult sciences and study of eastern literature. Its dissemination has so wonderfully broadened and illumined sacred scripture, that a very different conception of things spiritual has obtained, to the advantage of all mankind, than has ever prevailed before.

The frowning God who "punishes sin with unquenchable fire" has passed away, and the God of love has come in redeeming the world through kindness and compassion, raising it to the spiritual heights of the sublime.

Under the beneficent inspiration of this benign influence has appeared the "Soul-Mate." A "soul-mate" must not be confounded with the relation usually ascribed to "affinity," "elective affinity," etc., which in the past has been synonymous with "free love." A "soul-mate" may be an "affinity" or an "affinity" a "soul-mate," but never "a mistress." Mark the distinction! Neither must a "soul-mate" be considered on a plane with "Platonic love," which has degenerated to a plane where a writer

has described it "as the love of a married man for a single woman and of a married woman for a single man!" A relation which Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a recent essay, "Bachelors Defend Platonic Love," refers to in a striking similitude.

The "soul-mate" occupies a higher, purer relation, dearer and sweeter! A beautiful manifestation of the "white magic" of the Creator—as the "rose" to the rose bush.

A "soul-mate" is the Divine "Moon"—conception of the Spirit masculine and vice versa—"the partner in the joys and sorrows" of our astral-body, whose fundamental plane of existence is purity! Who abides with us by day and by night, making existence worth living.

As from childhood we grew to the age of maturity, does not each one of us recall the budding of the flower of romance! of our joy and delight in the beautiful soul pictures we drew on the screen of memory in our search for the ideal? Some of us perhaps have realized it, but—alas, alas, how many learned—they were cheated out of the goal *when it was too late!*

It is night! At the calm mysterious hour, just before dawn, rolls back the curtain of night. Suddenly in the hallway just outside of my door, there burst upon my astonished vision a figure,—draped in diaphanous raiment from head to foot like a bride adorned! The flesh tints glowing beneath the ethereal robe; face radiant, beaming; eyes gleaming with intelligence and love; but the lips—spake not! A form, shaped in "lines" a Hogarth would have adored or a Bouguereau been proud to transmit to canvas, yet—there was not the first semblance of vulgarity or suggestion of unchaste thought. It beckoned to me! I gave no sign of recognition or response! It still beckoned! I gazed in wonder and admiration! Should I go? What did she want? I was single again! Sans wife! Sans children! I hesitate,—undecided, unwilling. not discerning her errand! In my agitation to learn her wishes I had partially arisen, when suddenly—I awoke.

I arose—agitated, trembling from head to foot, went to the window to get a breath of fresh air to relieve the choking sensation in my throat. The beautiful vision was so real! Was it an omen?

Fair Luna was shedding her silvery beams over the landscape and the twinkling stars in the blue vault of heaven gave back no answer. The first thought that occurred to me when consciousness was fully restored was,—would it have been a "mortal sin" to have accompanied her to learn her wishes?

Gentle reader, I leave the psychic question to you.

In the beautiful sensuous imagery of Omar and Jami (*Fitzgerald*) are to be found those delightful illustrations of "soul-mates" which come to those

who cultivate sweetness, love, charity and purity; which is pictured in some editions as a beautiful young woman, pure, undefiled.

It is not given or even ordained, that any of us are perfect, but can we not reach those heavenly heights of love where existence is a joy? By the daily "practice" of those beautiful precepts taught by Patanjali, of the Vedas? and by the Eastern philosophers, of the philosophy which Christ imbibed? That is not to say we should discard our Bible and our Christianity, not at all; but by the light of the "new revelation," in which "Adiramled," a true poet, is taking a conspicuous part, we discover how little knowledge we possessed of the precious book that has played such a profound part in the enlightenment and civilization of the world! Few people realize the line at the beginning. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" is pure occult theosophy! What is God but nature, and nature God! The "heart" being nothing more or less than the fulcrum into which God breathes the Spirit of Life or "Holy Ghost" of eternal "hope" (Romans 5:5; II Cor. 1:21, 22) that "causes us to move and have our being." And from which emanate and radiate all those virtues that enrich the mind and ennoble the soul, virtues which Christ in his sermon on the Mount calls "Blessed" in those who cultivate and cherish them.

The "Ideal soul-mate" brings no disgrace and sorrow to those near and dear to us, bound by the ties of love and affection! or the blush of shame to the cheek of our friends! As they dwell in the Land of that Astral World where the beauty, sweetness, fragrance and purity—of the "Rose" never dies!

For Loved and Lover are not but by
Thee,
Nor Beauty;—mortal Beauty but the
veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from
itself
Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a
Bride
That glances past us veil'd—but ever so
That none the veil from what it hides
may know.

—*Salaman and Absal* by Jami (Fitzgerald).

A. SUFI.

✕

Each human soul comes forth from the heart of the Almighty One, bearing in its own heart, ineffaceably engraved, the special imprint of its Source. This coming forth has two purposes: the *expressing* of what God *is* as infinite individuality; the revelation *to* and *in* MAN of what he is as the individual expression of God.

God is self-evidently biune: we see everywhere two sexes—working interactively, co-operatively, each necessary to the other for the purposes of normal activity, as also for establishment of equilibrium. In Man this biunity has come to such a

(4) degree of consciousness that individual men and women are perceiving their identity with God's consciousness and, by the light of this perception, are step by step transforming their limited self-consciousness into individualized God-consciousness.

In this process they are awakening to many truths hitherto hidden from their vision. Chief of such truths is this: Within each individual man is hidden a woman; within each individual woman is hidden a man. Each has come to earth clothed definitely in such form as best expresses the composite realization of age-long experience: with one, womanly characteristics predominate to a degree that determines the outward form as feminine; with another, the predominance is masculine.

In the former instance, while the form is feminine, the inner activity or character is masculine—and the present period of earth-career is spent in proving *in* woman what is true manhood. In the man, the inner activity is feminine, always seeking its realization *in* the masculine.

How is this evolutionary activity of the man and the woman in the individual kept alive and co-operative? By a truth as wonderful as it is revolutionizing when it once convinces Man's conscious perception: each individual man and woman has a soul-mate, within whose heart will be found the imprint identically matching it with its own.

Each individual pattern which God has sent forth on the mission of conscious-expression is worked upon by two souls, each of which bears eternally the imprint that makes them one at their God-center, even though unconsciously, and through repeated separations in the outward form. But this inward knowledge, unknown as it may be within the gates of earth, consciousness, urges them ever on toward conscious understanding of *what* they are doing as part of the divine plan.

Eternally linked, perfectly supplementing each other, always an unfailingly interactive demand and supply each to each—if, while the tribulations of *un*conscious evolution are disciplining them into nearer mutual realization, they could but *see* that every sorrow of one is a demand on and from the other for strength, that every success and gladness is a mutual exhilaration, many who now rebel at what they declare the uselessness and purposelessness of pain and privation would lose half their suffering in the joy of gladly succoring their own.

But the succor comes to each and all when we are ready for it—and always through the hands of our soul-mate, whether or not we know him or her in the flesh. The co-operative action goes on ceaselessly, guided by that Power who knows Himself and Herself in us so thoroughly that we work out our pattern perfectly, despite all the errors that seem to mar it.

The man and the woman are working out two sides of the same problem, and the body of each is

a reflector for the activities of each supplementary soul. They are working for the realization of an entity that shall *prove* the absolute oneness of Man and Woman, and the stupendous unconsciousness in which they are working is rapidly giving way to a conscious perception that shall one day reveal us to ourselves as gods and goddesses indeed!

The electro-magnet of divine love is consciously radiating its influence within the souls of men and women, and the image of God is beginning to reveal itself clearly in all the glory of the illumined Wisdom and Love possible of realization and such soul-mates as are able to stand consciously face to face.

The meeting of such soul-mates in the flesh, their recognition and conscious union establish and keep virtually expressive the mutual realization of absolute oneness on all planes of being.

Two souls which are conscious counterparts are a law unto themselves—and through redemption from the bonds of the flesh may taste the joys of immortality even in the midst of apparent death and destruction. Such an union inaugurates for them heaven on earth, with such power at their command as makes them conquerors indeed.

C. T. P.

TWO SITTING TOGETHER

O, devotion! O, love!
O, sitting hand in hand together;
Heads bowed, delicious raptures of bliss from breast to breast encircling
and encompassing;
Lips curved in delicate smiles, lids down, love-bloom.
Sitting, the palms of the hands enfolded; —
They love each other.
They are in love — divine, conserved.
They are Mates, Equals, Souls!

— LAURA SMITH WOOD.

Ideal soul-mates, according to my views, are a man and a woman, both normal and well balanced mentally and physically, who truly love each other year in and year out, second in and second out, simply because they cannot help it, and in spite of all possible obstacles to that love.

And by true love, I mean—an intense desire to be near each other, the nearer the better; a constant wish to please; and in no possible way annoy or hurt each other; unlimited patience with and consideration for each other's differing ideas, habits or idiosyncrasies; absolute forgiveness for and trust in each other in every possible situation; a desire to share all joys with each other, and a willingness to bear all burdens of the other that would take one through death even, a thousand times, rather than let the other struggle alone. In fact as I view it, ideal soul-mates could not even imagine that another could ever take the place of the one, even throughout all eternity.

E. G.

Under the guidance of some great and strong angel, I seemed to pierce the light of the sun and

(5) look within this wonderful laboratory where I beheld the preparation of all seeds and germs *before* they are in the *earth*. I saw the *soul* or seed-germ of man as a crystalline sphere, in which the Image, dual, male and female was created, perfect, self-luminous, a *miniature* of *God*. These were naked, but for the *light* which emanated from them. They were *measured mathematically* and *chemically* together, by the *measurement* of the *Word*, and were thus forever spiritually *naked* or *married in Christ*, by the *Name* of *God*. Each soul has a recorded *name*, *number* and *tone*, and none can ever be lost or go astray, or fail to reach perfection, since the *Will* of *God* is *expressed* or *written* in them. Now make the *Word*, the *circle*, and the *cross* within it. The *upright Will* forms the spinal column, or trunk of the divine-human tree. Draw two figures back to back, exactly of the same height and proportion, and touching with head and feet the circumference of the circle. The horizontal *understanding* will pass level through the *sexual organs*, and the knees, navels, nipples, lips and eyes will correspond on the *same level* of horizontal measurement. This perfect equalization, or sexual understanding, was called the *firmament* or *heaven*, because *perfect understanding* is *heaven*, and *misunderstanding* is *hell*, and any *other two* could not help but *miss* the *perfect measure*, and could not come into understanding together, and form *one complete angel*, ensphered or clothed upon with their own *light*, or self-consciousness. In incarnation they are separated through the spinal column, and develop through various grades of consciousness, until ready for *re-cognition* and re-union. Each carries a *photograph* of the other, as it were, and it is of this that people speak as "my ideal," for everyone *knows intuitively* of the existence of the help-meet or *mate*.

E.

Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth great sun!
While we bask — we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together.

WALT WHITMAN.

My Soul-mate is a Revelation for eyes *only* to gather the *glory* of! Words are but a rasping discord upon the harmony of the *Heavenly* beauty I behold in the light of her countenance.

Her eyes are as the sun and the moon to me; feeding my body by day and ministering to my soul by night.

Her *flesh* vibrates the love currents of God's conjugal thought-centre! Her *Spirit* is a *light* unto my path, and my *soul* can *only* sing *her praise* in the *one grand word* of the universe—*Love!*

Edwin.

MY IDEAL SOUL-MATE

In the woman I love, *Woman* is symbolled. Through her personality I am brought into touch with that which is above and beyond all personality. She is to me the one woman in whom all women are loved. In her is focussed the splendid human tragedy of Sex. She leads me "onward and upward ever," because her very existence on the same planet has kindled in my heart the flame that never dies. And this divine discontent is the very life of life. Forevermore, I am awake, aroused, afire with desire—seeking always that which I know by seeking only I shall find;—that which *she* but asks to receive. The search on which her touch, her word, her passing glance, has started me may lead me over mountains and across seas, my heart aflame with passionate longing. Between me and the paradise of her presence may yawn many hells—through which I must advance unfaltering, though every nerve and muscle strains and my feet are bathed in the blood of the heart. Yea, even so must I still seek her, although she be by my side, my wedded bride. So must I continue the divine chase although joying in embraces that fill me with an ecstasy that is almost pain, sweet beyond words and so transporting me with delight that I breathe the air of heaven and know not whether I am in the body or out of the body. Still before me always is the eternal quest, though I deem the light of her countenance withdrawn, and myself bereft, too miserable to live, a lost soul. Happy indeed is he who has found that he has a soul-mate to find—a soul-mate in himself wherein dwelleth all completeness. He knows, thenceforth, that he and his beloved were one before the beginning of time, that he never was and never can be separated from her. These twain made one flesh, as one spirit, realize that at last in each other—rather, in their union—they have come unto the truth, the beauty, the wisdom and the power of the life everlasting. God is love and all religions are attempts to reach and realize the glory of the woman—her inspiration, uplift, conserving care, fructifying warmth, her truth-revealing illumination, and purifying fires. In her, and to be achieved only as gift at her hands, guerdon of her love, is the perfect victory that leadeth to the peace passing all understanding! Led, guided and lighted by love for his soul-mate, man knows his unconquerable soul, his high destiny, his splendid privilege and so goes forward to meet and manifest the God in him, serenely and unafraid.

PAUL TYNER

New York, August 20, 1901.

In the May issue of ADIRAMLED there appeared a little squib on Soul-Mates. Since then I have received so many letters asking me to continue the discussion that I decided to make it the leading topic of this number.

(6)

The little soulful letter incorporated in the aforesaid article was interpreted by several to be from my own soul-mate. The fact is it was on the face of it nothing of the kind, but was a grateful acknowledgement from a dear man, who had just come through my teachings to realize his true soul-mate in his own loving wife.

Ideas are bound to differ in regard to this soul-mate question, of course. I have met a number of people who disclaimed all belief in even the existence of the genus, Soul-mate; but whenever I have been able to get to the bottom facts in the case, I have found the lives of these people quite a variance with this statement of belief, affording but another proof to what after long experience and observation, I have come thoroughly to understand, viz, that whenever any theory opposes nature, practice will contradict and virtually disprove the theory.

It is my candid opinion that there is not a normal human being on earth who does not have an inner, ardent longing for congenial companionship.

Ideals may differ and sentiment be distorted, but this rather goes to prove the proposition; for in spite of false teaching and unfortunate experience men and women cling to this one idea as if it were the only hope and inspiration of life.

Our social regime and conventional code is such as to dwarf and blight the true love-growth, so that what should develop into a beautiful rose-tree, embowering the life with sweetness and perfume, becomes a stunted shrub with more thorns than roses. But, beloved, the correction here is not in repression of love, but in more freedom and purity of love's expression.

My invitation in the last number of ADIRAMLED has brought me more questions than I have room to answer. In response to personal request, a number of my correspondents have kindly contributed their "ideals," which appear in this paper. Owing to lack of space many fine ones have had to wait till a future issue, at which time I will answer some questions and present a few of my own ideas.

ADIRAMLED

"Memorial Day," and other poems by Nat. Ward Fitz-Gerald. Elevator Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. Bound in cloth, blue and gold, mailed to any address subject to examination for 50 cts.

The volume contains the most inspired thoughts of the "Poet of the Alleghanies," who is justly entitled to be called the Poet of the New Age. The Memorial Poem is a Masterpiece.

"Success and the Key that unlocks it" is a book of 45 pages, artistically printed and covered, and replete with inspiring utterances. No one can read the book without feeling the vibration of suc-

cess and the thrill of newly awakening hopes and purpose. The author is Nancy McKay Gordon. See further notice on last page. (7)

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"The Transformation of Evil", by Caroline Wheeler, is a striking little book. It bases the evil of intemperance on the falsity of sex-relations, making the point that men seek abnormally for gratification in the intoxicating cup in obedience to an inner craving which should find its normal satisfaction in a higher form of sex-communion. Caroline places her finger on the exact plague-spot and then proceeds admirably to show how it may be healed.

PRACTICAL REDEMPTION LESSONS

The following testimonial just received from a highly educated gentleman speaks for itself:

My dear Adiramled:—I am not envious by nature or breeding, yet the authorship of these lessons is perhaps the one thing belonging to you that I could feel like envying. These lessons are far and above all in the English Language that I have met with, or even been able to see, and I have garnered very closely.

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I think, myself, that anyone who secures these lessons and works them through will possess knowledge of priceless value. The current series will be completed in ten lessons, six of which are already issued. Price of each lesson with personal written instruction, \$1.00. Sample sent for 10 cents. Send with application full name, date of birth and address plainly written.

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Testimonials come in from all directions daily, confirming the great efficacy of our Conjunctive Center. Diseases are healed, situations obtained, properties disposed of, obligations liquidated, money found, burdens lifted, freedom gained, hearts united and soul-mates plighted. And the circle is free to all subscribers. A charge only of \$1.00 is made for letter of advice.

Onomatic character readings, full delineation, \$3.00. Send full name and date of birth, also parents' names and birth dates.

A SOCIALIST WEDDING

We were gathered together, we of the inner circle of comradeship, on the last Saturday evening of May. Outside our doors the rain beat down, but within the mellow light fell on a room decked by the skill of the craftsman and aglow with the art of the painter. The fragrance and blossom of Spring flowers seemed to transform our rooms into a fairy garden; and the strains of a primitive love melody, as they drifted to us, were full of mystery and beauty.

Our comrade, George D. Herron, arose, careworn and sorrowful as one who has passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, yet strong-hearted and gladsome withal; and beside him stood Carrie Rand, clad in pure vestal white and bearing lilies-of-the-valley in her hand. "We believe, friends, in fellowship," he said, "and because we believe that fellowship is life we have asked a few of you to let us share with you the fellowship and sacrament of the unity of life which we wish to now announce to you. For many years this unity of life has made us one in fact, but now we wish this unity to become manifest unto the world; and it is to announce to you this marriage of our souls, which is to us a reality before the foundation of the world, and which we can conceive of as having no ending, that we have asked you to kindly come together tonight." Miss Rand responded: "This is the day and hour which we have chosen to announce to you and the world our spiritual union, which is a fact in the heart of God." L. D. A.

STUDENTS, NOTICE!

In Lesson V, page 43, the reference Exodus 1:16 is an error. It should be Exodus 16:14, 31.

You are a sun, when the Sun-center is truly awake, which, physically speaking, is situated in the region of the Solar Plexus. From that radiating center streams of magnetic-electric force are continually flowing, and they may be directed in any given direction by the will and affections of the heart.

A woman clothed with the Sun is then a woman in whom a corresponding Sun has been evolved: and in the case of the man, the woman in the man must be evolved as a basis for the Sun-center: for "the woman is the glory of the man."

As the Sun rises with healing in His wings, the woman is evolved and clothed and glorified. She is becoming sphered in the man, and the man in the woman, that so they may become "one flesh."

The highest ideal of perfection is realized when the perfect Cherubic ideal is realized; when you have mated Spirits, married "in the Lord," the one the complement of the other: for the Marriage Supper of the Lamb is the Nuptial of the Glory and the Gloria, in order that the perfect image of God may be attained unto. The King-Queens of the coming age, who are to sit down upon the throne of God, and reign over the earth, are even now making themselves ready. The day is soon coming when of every King it shall be said—"Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen, in gold of Ophir * * * The King's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle-work." Hail to the Kings and Queens of the swift-coming age! Again, I say, all-hail!

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